Meſſen. Madame, I bring you newes from *Ireland*,
The wilde Onele my Lords, is vp in armes,
With troupes of Iriſh Kernes, that vncontrolde
Doth plant themſelues within the Engliſh pale.
And burnes and ſpoiles the Country as they go.
Qu. What redreſſe ſhall we haue for this, My Lords?
Yorke. 'Twere good that my Lord of *Somerſet*
That fortunate Champion were ſent ouer,
To keepe in awe the ſtubborne Iriſhmen,
He did ſo much good when he was in France.
Somer. Had *Yorke* bene there with all his farre fetcht
Pollicies, he might haue loſt as much as I.
Yorke. I, for Yorke would haue loſt his life, before
That France ſhould haue reuolted from Englands rule.
Somer. I ſo thou mightſt, and yet haue gouern'd worſe then I.
Yorke. What, worſe then naught? then a ſhame take all.
Somer. Shame on thy ſelfe, that wiſheth ſhame.
Queen. Somerſet forbeare, good Yorke be patient,
And do thou take in hand to croſſe the ſeas,
With troopes of armed men, to quell the pride
Of thoſe ambitious Iriſh that rebell.
Yorke. Well Madame, ſith your Grace is ſo content,
Let me haue ſome bandes of choſen ſoldiers,
And Yorke ſhall trie his fortunes 'gainſt thoſe Kernes.
Queen. Yorke thou ſhalt. My Lord of *Buckingham*,
Let it be it your charge to muſter vp ſuch ſoldiers
As ſhall ſuffice him in theſe needfull warres.
Buck. Madame I will, and leuie ſuch a band
As ſoone ſhall ouercome thoſe Iriſh Rebels.
But Yorke, where ſhall thoſe Soldiors ſtay for thee?
Yorke. At Briſtow, I'le expect them ten daies hence.
Buck. Then thither ſhall they come, and ſo farwell.
Exit Buck.
Yorke. Adieu my Lord of Buckingham.
Queen. Suffolke, remember what you haue to do.
And you Lord Cardinall, concerning Duke *Humfrey*.
T'were good that you did ſee to it in time,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BOD